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NUMBER ONE

STIG'S INFERNO™

PREMIERE ISSUE

RIVOCHE © '84

EDITORIAL

FIRST THINGS FIRST.

I'd like to give credit (or blame) where it is due and state from the outset that Stig is the child of two parents, not just one. My roommate, and **untrustworthy** friend, Klaus Schoenefeld, and I created Stig over a long period of time a few years back in the hopes that someday we would see our boy become famous, or at least meet a nice girl and settle down. We did sketches, designed characters, wrote plots, and stuff like that, there, to almost everybody's delight. All our friends liked him.

Publishers didn't, however. Not at all.

Even at that, you don't give up hoping. What does happen is that you lose enthusiasm and move on to other things.

Now, in the meantime Klaus discovered the panacea of the world of commercial art and the heaving gutfulls of money to be made there. I'd go into detail about how much money we're talking about, but even today I feel weak thinking on it. It was around this time that he and Stig bid farewell, and since it was no secret he was deserting a, then, sinking ship in a lifeboat filled with gold, no one thought he was making a mistake.

Little did they know.

Along comes William P. Marks, boy publisher, who is talking to me about doing a series for the expanding Vortex line. While discussing the project he sees the artwork for an earlier incarnation of Stig (when he was going to be a daily newspaper strip) and says, "This is funny, Ty. Why don't we do this?"

This is my editorial page, so I can warp the story any way I choose. I can claim that I had to be talked into the deal, thinking it was dishonorable to take what was essentially a collaborative project all for myself, but this is not true. In reality I said, "Yes, oh yes, Mr. Marks. What a fine and wonderful idea you have there. I should be most pleased to do **Stig's Inferno**." One could even point out there was nothing subtle about the way I shoved the artwork at Bill in the first place. I've always liked the idea, and I didn't desert my child for a mere car load full of money. (I'm not kidding. Klaus' ability to make money is the stuff of epic poetry. Men compose songs to his holdings and women swoon. It makes you sick.)

My roommate and I talked it over and he gave in, which is good because he can beat the tar out of me should the mood strike him.

If you know where to look, you can see his hand in a lot of the ideas of **Stig's Inferno** it not the actual artwork. Klaus is larger than life and sometimes a little bit wider, so it is in this spirit that the first issue is dedicated to him. He may not be eating at my table anymore but at least I've thrown him a bone.

SECOND THINGS SECOND.

Besides Stig, the fair haired boy, in upcoming issues you can expect to see **Kelvin Mace:** A Man Who Has No Business Being Anyone's Role Model; the exploits of Vortex's space faring super-hero, **Lance Amazing**, and his little space pal, Whizzer; and the strip that everyone over in my apartment is buzzing about, **Tales of Lenny's Casino and Grill.** I'm trying to convince Bill that each would make a wonderful magazine in their own right, and, hey, if I write four different comic books a month I'm going to make gobs of money, let's not kid ourselves. But, I'm just getting started so I'm willing to wait a few weeks before I'm a household word. No **longer** than that, though.

Write letters and enter all the contests, too. We'd love to hear from you, **really**, even if it's just to make fun of your handwriting.

See you in sixty days, or however long it takes to get the next issue out. We're independent so we don't bother with such **silly** things as publishing schedules.

Ty Templeton

P.S. I have a story in Vortex No. 9 this month, so give it a look. And buy a zillion or so copies of **Mr. X** when it comes out. If you don't and we **hear** about it, we're going to find out where you live, come to your house, and push your face in, you **follow**?

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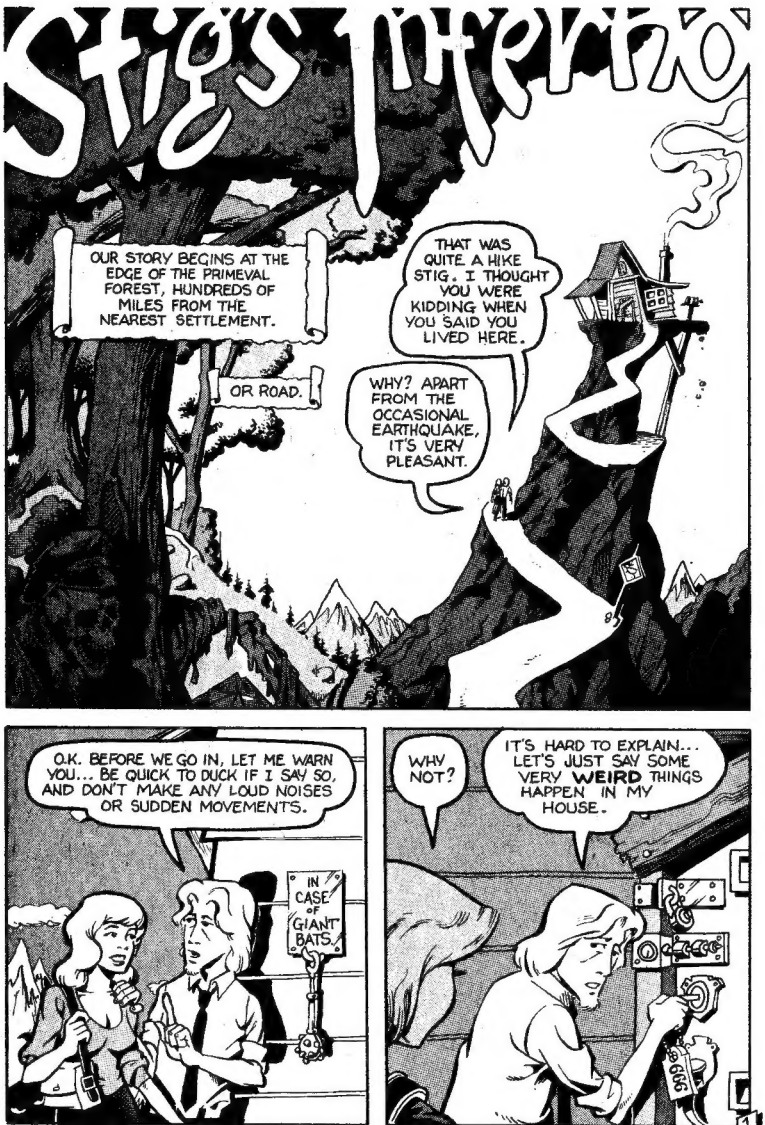
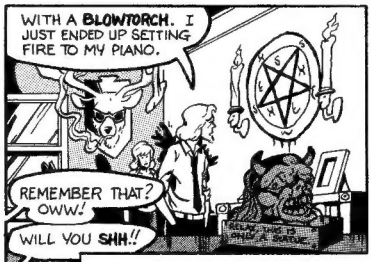

Stig's Inferno
OUR STORY BEGINS AT THE EDGE OF THE PRIMEVAL FOREST, HUNDREDS OF MILES FROM THE NEAREST SETTLEMENT.
OR ROAD.
THAT WAS QUITE A HIKE STIG. I THOUGHT YOU WERE KIDDING WHEN YOU SAID YOU LIVED HERE.
WHY? APART FROM THE OCCASIONAL EARTHQUAKE, IT'S VERY PLEASANT.
O.K. BEFORE WE GO IN, LET ME WARN YOU... BE QUICK TO DUCK IF I SAY SO, AND DON'T MAKE ANY LOUD NOISES OR SUDDEN MOVEMENTS.
IN CASE OF GIANT BATS.
WHY NOT?
IT'S HARD TO EXPLAIN... LET'S JUST SAY SOME VERY WEIRD THINGS HAPPEN IN MY HOUSE.
666
1

DEFY GRAFFITI
THIS IS THE ONLY TOUGH PART, TRY TO STAY OUT OF TROUBLE. I CAN'T BE WORRYING ABOUT A ROOKIE.
SPRING
HE'S COMING!
SHHH!
DON'T YOU SHHH ME!
IT SEEMS ALRIGHT, BUT THERE'S NO SENSE IN TAKING CHANCES. MAKE ONE SWIFT MOTION AND GO INSIDE.
NO LOITERING! I SAID SWIFT. SWIFT!!
IN!
SLAM!
THERE, THAT WASN'T SO BAD. GETTING IN THE DOOR IS GENERALLY MORE OF A PROBLEM.
CHEAP THRILLS
SO... YOU WANT A COKE DOWN THERE OR SOMETHING, BEATRICE?
NO THANKS. I'M FINE.

SUIT YOURSELF. ONCE YOU CATCH YOUR BREATH I'LL GIVE YOU THE FIFTY-CENT TOUR OF THE HOUSE.
WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT DUCKING AND LOUD NOISES?
UH--- WELL, FOR ONE THING, LOUD NOISES SCARE ME. DON'T THEY SCARE YOU?
ANYWAYS, THIS HERE IS MY KITCHEN. CAREFUL OF THE CUPS, THEY PACK A NASTY WALLOP.
TOK! TOK!
AND IN THROUGH HERE IS THE MASTER BEDROOM. YOU CAN JUST SEE MY DEMONIC-NETHER-WORLD, WRETCHED SPIRIT TALISMAN ON THE FAR WALL...
YOUR WHAT?
WELL... NOT MY DEMONIC-NETHERWORLD, WRETCHED SPIRIT TALISMAN, ACTUALLY. IT WAS HERE WHEN I MOVED IN.
WAIT A MINUTE! YOU TOLD ME YOU BUILT THIS PLACE YOURSELF...
I DID! BUT SOMEHOW IT WAS HERE WHEN I MOVED IN.
I ALWAYS FIGURED IT WAS THE KIDS IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD, PLAYING A PRANK.

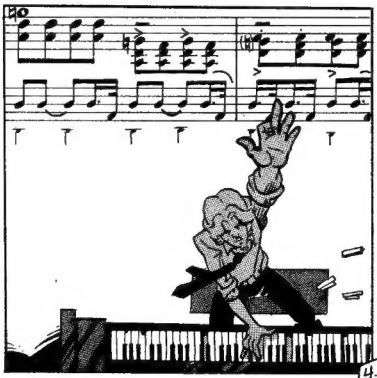
WELL, I DON'T LIKE IT. IT'S DEAD GROTTY.
ISN'T IT? I CAN'T GET RID OF IT, THOUGH! I COULDN'T EVEN PAINT THAT SECTION OF THE WALL... THE PAINT KEPT DRIBBLING RIGHT OFF.
HAVE YOU TRIED SCRAPING IT AWAY?


WITH A BLOWTORCH. I JUST ENDED UP SETTING FIRE TO MY PIANO.
REMEMBER THAT? OWW!
WILL YOU SHH!!

I THOUGHT I SAW A PIANO...
A GRAND.
OOH I JUST LOVE PIANO PLAYERS! KNOW ANY DEVO?
I JUST PLAY MY OWN COMPOSITIONS, BUT I'LL DO ONE OF THOSE IF YOU LIKE.

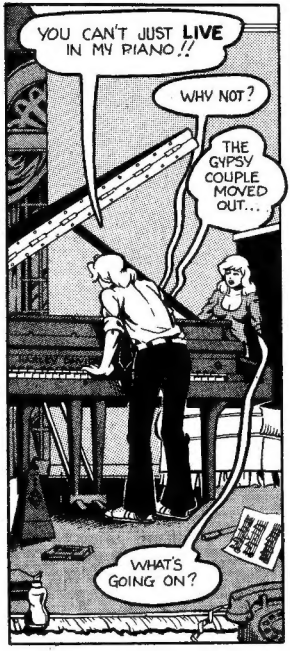
HAWKAAA!
UH-OH!
GET DOWN AND SHUT UP!
HARLEY DAVIDSON

mf



SHHH! YOU FOOL!
OW!
BUT IT HURTS WHEN HE HITS THE HIGH NOTES!

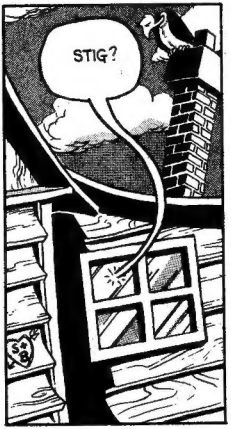
HEY!!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN MY PIANO?!?
TOO LATE TO HIDE AT THIS POINT, I SUPPOSE...
IT'S O.K. WE LIVE HERE.


YOU CAN'T JUST LIVE IN MY PIANO!!
WHY NOT?
THE GYPSY COUPLE MOVED OUT...
WHAT'S GOING ON?

WHAT'S GOING ON?!? I'M THROWING OUT TWO UNINVITED GUESTS, THAT'S WHAT'S GOING ON!!
YOU CAN'T DO THAT.
NOT WITHOUT AT LEAST TWENTY-FOUR HOURS NOTICE.

HE'S RIGHT, STIG. I'VE LOOKED IT UP.
ARE YOU TAKING THEIR SIDE?!?
WE KNOW OUR RIGHTS!
HELL NO, WE WON'T GO!!
THE LAW

LEGALLY, IT ALL DEPENDS ON HOW LONG YOU'VE BEEN LIVING IN STIG'S PIANO...
OH, WE DON'T ACTUALLY LIVE HERE. THIS IS JUST THE SUMMER HOME. WE LIVE IN THE DRYER.
WE HAD TO MOVE WHEN HIS MAILBOX WENT CONDO.
MY DRYER?
THAT'S MY SOCK!! GIMMIE THAT!!
IT'S OURS, WE FOUND IT!
SQUATTERS RIGHTS!
WE COLLECT SINGLE SOCKS! IF YOU KEEP PUTTING YOURS INTO OUR GUEST ROOM, I FIGURE THEY'RE FAIR GAME.
STIG?
PERSONALLY, I GRAB CAR KEYS AND SLIPS OF PAPER WITH IMPORTANT PHONE NUMBERS ON 'EM
I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR THIS...
O.K., I'VE HAD ABOUT ALL I'M GOING TO TAKE FROM YOU TWO. EITHER YOU LEAVE NICELY, OR I GET MEAN!
BUT, WE JUST SPENT A FORTUNE REDECORATING...
THERE MAY BE A TENANTS' STRIKE.
I DON'T CARE OUT!
YOU'LL HAVE TO COME IN AND GET US SMARTY-BOOTS!



END OF CANTO ONE
THERE WILL NOW BE A SHORT INTERMISSION. DRINKS ARE AVAILABLE IN THE LOBBY.

IMAGINE TOTAL BLACKNESS ALL AROUND YOU.

A UNIVERSE OF THICK, PURE BLACK, LIKE DEEP SPACE WITHOUT STARS, YET NEITHER COLD NOR WARM. JUST DARK.

STIG IS HERE.

AND HE IS FALLING.

A TINY VOICE IN HIS HEAD TELLS HIM HE PROBABLY HAS FALLEN OUT OF HIS HOUSE. AGAIN. (SOMETHING HE HAS DONE FROM TIME TO TIME.)

IN FACT, WERE HE AWAKE RIGHT NOW, **STIG** WOULD BE SCARED OUT OF HIS MIND.

BUT, HE'S **NOT**.

WHICH, PERHAPS, EXPLAINS WHY HE CAN'T SEE.

WHO KNOWS?

ANOTHER TINY VOICE IN HIS HEAD STARTS TELLING OFF-COLOUR JOKES.

IN GERMAN.

BUT, BECAUSE HE SPEAKS NOT A WORD OF GERMAN, STIG IGNORES THIS VOICE.

AND, STILL, HE IS FALLING.

NOW, THE FIRST VOICE. AND THE SECOND ONE START SINGING "MY LITTLE TOWN" IN TWO-PART HARMONY, ONLY THEY DO IT REALLY BADLY, AND IT'S ONE OF HIS FAVORITE SIMON AND GARFUNKEL TUNES.

THIS, TICKS HIM OFF.

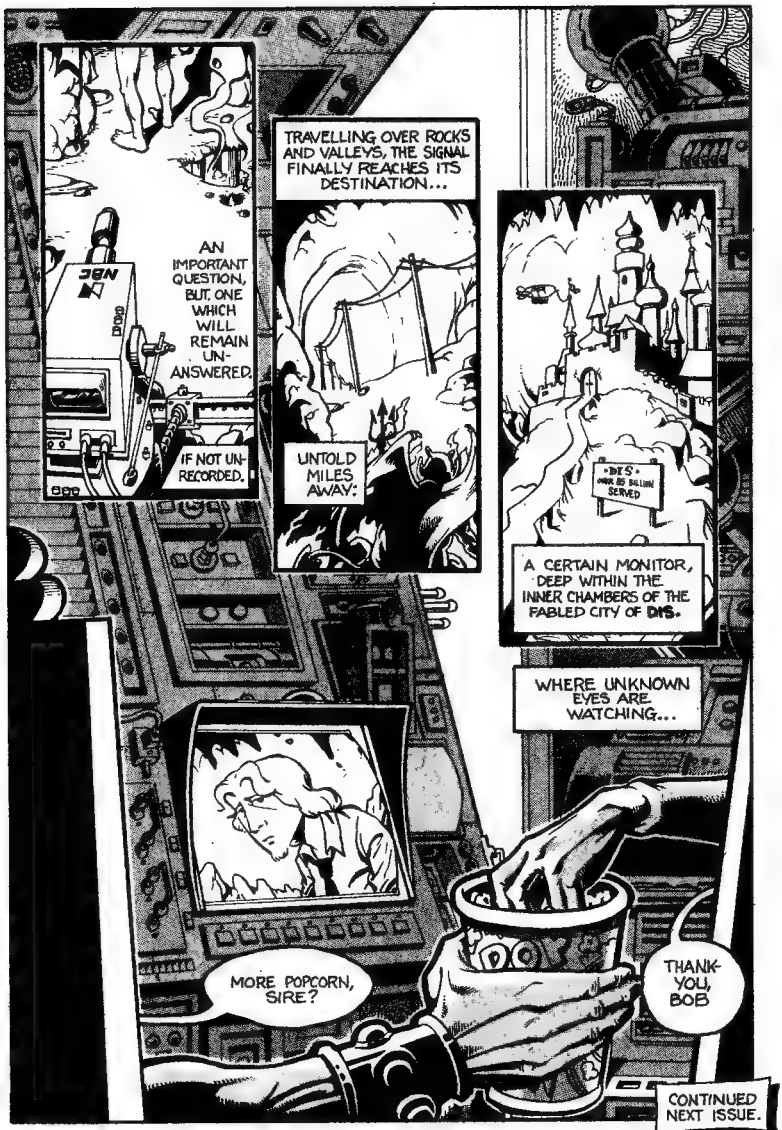
SO, TO FIND OUT WHAT IS GOING ON, STIG AWAKENS, AND OPENS HIS EYES...

Stig's Inferno
300
CANTO TWO

OW!
OW!
ow!
WARNING
WHAP!
HIT!
SMEK!
OH HECK. I FELL OUT OF MY HOUSE AGAIN.
IT MUST HAVE BEEN PRETTY FAR... I DON'T RECOGNIZE ANYTHING AT ALL.
I WONDER WHO PAINTED "CANTO TWO" ON THAT ROCK UP THERE.
PROBABLY THOSE DARN NEIGHBOURHOOD KIDS AGAIN. THAT BUNCH REALLY BURNS MY COOKIES, THEY'VE GOT NO RESPECT.
GRRRR.
IT'S GETTING TO BE INCONVENIENT, ALL THIS PLUNGING OUT OF MY HOUSE. THIS IS THE THIRD TIME THIS MONTH!
AND TO TOP IT ALL OFF, MY NECK HURTS, AND MY LEGS ARE COLD.
MY LEGS ARE COLD...?
UH-OH.

WHO TOOK MY PANTS!?!
MORE IMPORTANT... WHO TOOK MY UNDERWEAR?
I'VE GOT TO MOVE OUT OF THIS PART OF TOWN. THINGS ARE GETTING OUT OF HAND.
I MEAN, THEY COULD HAVE AT LEAST LEFT ME MY SHOES.
MAIL
BACK AT THE HOUSE, LOCAL POLICE LOSE NO TIME IN GETTING TO THE HEART OF THE MATTER...
DID YOUR PIANO EVER DO THIS SORT OF THING BEFORE?
IT'S NOT MY PIANO!!
IT BELONGS TO THE GUY WHO LIVES... LIVED HERE. BUT FROM WHAT I'VE SEEN, IT PROBABLY ACTED UP A LOT.
I SEE... AND DID THIS "GUY" HAVE A LICENSE FOR THIS PIANO?
YOU DON'T NEED--
I THOUGHT NOT. MAY I ASK WHAT HE WAS PLAYING JUST BEFORE HE DIED?
I DON'T KNOW, IT WAS---
WAS IT A REQUIEM?
I DON'T THINK SO. IT WAS QUITE BOUNCY.
MAYBE IT WAS A VERY BAD REQUIEM! DID YA THINK OF THAT, HUH?
NO.
WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE THE PIANO IN FOR QUESTIONING.
YOU DON'T TAKE CHANCES IN THE MURDER GAME...

YOU WANT TO SEND IN THE JUGGERNAUT K-2000 CARGO-COPTER UNIT, PERKINS?
WILL DO CAPTAIN.
WE'LL PROBABLY HAVE TO TAKE THE ROOF OFF TO MAKE ROOM FOR THE HELIO-WINCH ASSEMBLY... DO WE HAVE THE FIRE POWER ON HAND?
HEY! YOU CAN'T...
MORE THAN ENOUGH, SIR. WE COULD LEVEL THE MOUNTAIN IF WE HAD TO.
YOU MIGHT AS WELL SET UP THE CHARGES THEN, SERGEANT. AND BE LIBERAL WITH THE EXPLOSIVES... WE WANT IT DONE RIGHT THE FIRST TIME.
YESSIR!
OK. NOW, WHO'S IN CHARGE OF PILFERING EVIDENCE?
STIG
UNAWARE OF THE SUDDEN RUSH OF HOUSE GUESTS, STIG CONTINUES ON COMPLAINING...
THOSE WERE MY OFFICIAL, LIMITED-EDITION, LEONARD NIMOY DESIGNER JEANS.
THAT MAKES ME MAD!
WHY DON'T KIDS TAKE HUBCAPS ANYMORE?


AN IMPORTANT QUESTION, BUT ONE WHICH WILL REMAIN UN-ANSWERED.
IF NOT UN-RECORDED.
TRAVELLING OVER ROCKS AND VALLEYS, THE SIGNAL FINALLY REACHES ITS DESTINATION...
UNTOLD MILES AWAY:
A CERTAIN MONITOR, DEEP WITHIN THE INNER CHAMBERS OF THE FABLED CITY OF DIS.
WHERE UNKNOWN EYES ARE WATCHING...
MORE POPCORN, SIRE?
THANK-YOU, BOB
CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE.

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MORNING, AT AN AIR FORCE BASE SOMEWHERE IN NORTH AMERICA...
WHATEVER IT IS, IT'S NOT RUSSIAN. I JUST GOT OFF THE HORN WITH THE PENTAGON AND THEY SAY THE SOVIETS ARE JUST AS MUCH IN THE DARK...
IT'S ALL OVER THE SKY!!!
THE SPEED IS INCREDIBLE!
CAN'T WE GET A COMPUTER PROJECTION ON A FLIGHT PLAN?
NEGATIVE, SIR. THE BOGEY IS WAY TOO ERRATIC. IT BANKS AT RIGHT ANGLES EVERY FEW MINUTES.
JUST LIKE LAST WEEK..
"WHOEVER'S PILOTING THAT SHIP WOULD HAVE TO BE SUPER-HUMAN!"
WHERE DID YOU GET YOUR LICENSE, NITROGEN-HEAD, IN A BOX OF PROTEIN-SNAPS?
OH, SO YOU COULD DO BETTER, EH?
A PLUTONIAN HORN-BEAST COULD DRIVE BETTER THAN YOU WITH THREE EYES TIED BEHIND ITS BACK.
THE AMBASSADORS
1
STORY + PENCILS TY TEMPLETON · FINISHED ART ANTHONY VAN BRUGGEN

THESE ARE THE ZATONS: A RELATIVELY YOUNG RACE (WITH NOT TOO MUCH IN THE WAY OF BRAINS) ON THEIR FIRST EXPLORATORY MISSION TO ANOTHER PLANET.
MY, WASN'T IT A STROKE OF LUCK THAT OUR SCIENTISTS DEVELOPED AN ALMOST INSTANTANEOUS PROPULSION UNIT?
YES, AND THAT WE INEXPERIENCED CADETS WERE CHOSEN TO PILOT IT...
Hmm... WHAT'S THAT BUTTON FOR?
OH. NOW I REMEMBER.
KRUNCH
IT'S GONE BELOW RADAR, SIR. THEY MUST HAVE LANDED.
ALRIGHT. PLOT THE POSSIBLE SITES AND WE'LL TAKE A LOOK.
THESE ARE THE PHGNYZO, AN OLD AND VENERATED RACE (WITH NOT TOO MUCH IN THE WAY OF BRAINS) ON EARTH TO ESTABLISH PEACEFUL CONTACT WITH ITS INHABITANTS.
TWO LIFE FORMS EMERGING FROM THE WRECK, TASK-COMMANDER. NO DOUBT, THIS PLANET'S DOMINANT SPECIES.
WELL DON'T STAND AROUND WITH YOUR FINGERS UP YOUR BUTTS... SCRAMBLE SOME INTERCEPTORS, GODDAMNIT!!
FINALLY, AFTER EIGHT OF THIS PLANET'S DAYS WE WERE WONDERING WHEN THEY'D ARRIVE.

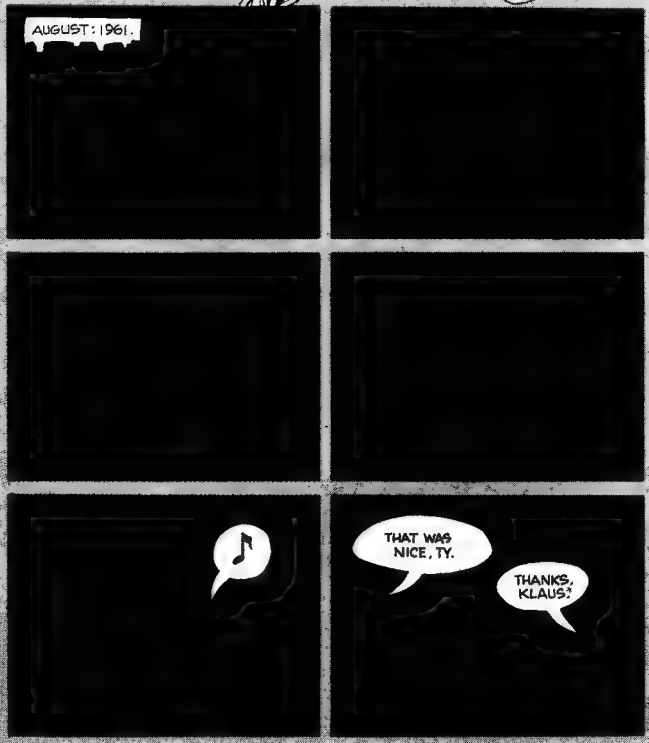
SUMMON THE DIPLOMATIC DRONES TASK-LIEUTENANT. THE HISTORIC MOMENT FAST APPROACHES.
AT ONCE, TASK-COMMANDER.
THIS PLANET IS INHABITED. I SEE INTELLEGENT LIFE. WON'T THIS SURPRISE MY OLD THEOLOGY TEACHER...
OH, WOW! PERHAPS WE SHOULD GO OVER AND TALK TO THEM. SET UP INTER-PLANETARY RELATIONS OR SOMETHING.
BUY SOUVENIERS.
HELLO, IT'S A VERY NICE PLANET YOU'VE GOT HERE...
GREETINGS, NATIVE. WE BASH AT OUR HELMET AND HOWL IN THE UNIVERSAL SIGNS OF PEACE AND FRIENDSHIP.
POW!
BAM!
AWOOO!
CAN YOU MAKE ANY OF IT OUT, CAPTAIN TWIT? THE BIG ONE SOUNDS LIKE HE'S GRUNTING AND ALL THE LITTLE ONE DOES IS HOWL.
TRY HOWLING BACK... I WANT TO GET A PICTURE OF THIS.
OOOWOOOO!
ALRIGHT, SMILE, IF YOU HAVE A MOUTH IN THERE.
AH, GOOD. THEY'RE FRIENDLY.
3

!!?!
FLASH!
A BLINDING LIGHT?!? THEY MAKE SEXUAL ADVANCES UPON US?
BE CALM. REMEMBER THAT THEY ARE ALIENS AND THEIR WAYS ARE DIFFERENT.
NOW, GET OFF US AND GIVE THEM THE TOKEN AS PER PLAN.
AT ONCE, TASK-COMMANDER.
PLEASE ACCEPT THIS HUGO-TOKEN IN THE HOPES THAT OUR TWO GREAT RACES WILL HAVE A PROSPEROUS RELATIONSHIP.
MEANWHILE, THIRTY MILES AWAY...
SPIDER-ONE TO BASE: SITE THREE WAS A WASH-OUT. PROCEEDING ON TO PROJECTION FOUR.
ROGER SPIDER-LEADER, WE COPY. SOUNDS LIKE YOU GUYS AREN'T HAVIN' NO FUN.
IT'S NOT MAKING ANY SENSE... THIS TINY SPACE SHIP HE GAVE ME DOESN'T EVEN FLY,
PLEASE... BY WHAT NAME DO YOU NATIVES KNOW YOUR PLANET?
THESE ALIENS CAN'T EVEN SPEAK PROPER ZATON. I'M STARTING TO GET BORED.
YOU HEAR? YOU'RE DULL! BORING!!
BOH-RING?
4

SPLENDID! HENCEFORTH THIS PLANET SHALL BE KNOWN AS BOH-RING.
THEY'RE GRUNTING AGAIN. LET'S GO.
ALRIGHT. THERE'S A GREEN BUTTON IN OUR SHIP I WANT TO TRY.
THEY DEPART. IS THIS PART OF SOME STRANGE RITUAL DIPLOMATIC COMMANDER?
WE DON'T KNOW. PERHAPS WE ARE EXPECTED TO DEPART AS WELL. WE WOULDN'T WANT TO INSULT THEM.
WITHIN SECONDS, THE ZATOWS RETURN TO THEIR SHIP AND ROCKET AWAY.
WHERE TO?
LET'S HEAD FOR ORION AND GET A BITE TO EAT.
SAY, WHAT'S THIS ORANGE LEVER FOR?
WE SHALL RETURN VERY SOON... IN NO MORE THAN ONE HUNDRED, SIXTY-NINE OF THIS PLANET'S YEARS AND RE-ESTABLISH CONTACT.
THAT SHOULD GIVE US TIME TO DECIPHER THEIR LANGUAGE AND CUSTOMS.
AND SO WITH A FLASH OF HEAT AND FIRE, TO RIVAL A SMALL SUN THE PHANZO SHIP RISES MAJESTICALLY FROM THE EARTH.

WAIT A MINUTE! I'VE GOT A VISUAL ALMOST DEAD AHEAD! YOU PICKING ANYTHING UP?
NEGATIVE, SPIDER-ONE. YOU ARE BELOW RADAR.
SUGGEST YOU EMPLOY YOUR WING CAMERAS
ABOARD THE SPACECRAFT:
IF ALL IS IN READINESS MASTER-PILOT, YOU MAY FIRE THE ULTRA-THRUSTERS.
MY GOD!! WOULD YOU LOOK AT THAT!
HOLY COW!!
WOOOAAA

The Origin of Stig



*KLAUS SCHOENEFELD APPEARS COURTESY OF LOOKING GLASS RECORDS.

THE STIG LOOK- UNLIKE CONTEST!

Excitement!

Thrills!

Prizes!

That's right! For years now Stig has been entertaining untold dozens of Ty's friends with his zany madcap antics, but now that he's finally seen print it's time for everyone to get in on the fun!

We're looking for that one special person out there who looks absolutely **nothing** like Stig! And there's big prizes for the winner, too!

1st Prize: For the person who looks most unlike Stig, we've got free subscriptions to all the magazines Vortex puts out in a year. That includes Stig's Inferno, Mr. X and, of course, Vortex itself. You'll also get an original drawing by Ty Templeton of Stig or maybe even an original page, (We haven't decided yet) a certified cheque for **five dollars**, (Hey! Wow!) A pair of 3-D glasses, a George Orwell 1984 bookmark, and our own Stig's Inferno facial blotter!!!

2nd Prize: Five second prizes will be awarded to the runners-up. I know it' not the impressive list the winner gets, but, hey let's be reasonable, these are the losers. They each get a free subscription to all the Vortex mags.

The Rules: These are very simple. Just send us a polaroid snap of yourself and in an accompanying letter explain in fifty words or less, why you, off all people, deserve to win. If you don't have a polaroid camera, or if you don't think you have a prayer if you send us a picture, briefly describe yourself on a separate piece of paper, or have a friend draw a picture. We don't stand on ceremony here.

Women are going to have an unfair advantage in this, most likely but it doesn't mean men shouldn't try. After all, we could have only four entries and then everyone would be a winner!!

Remember, photos cannot be returned and we reserve the right to pass the entries round the office and have a jolly good laugh at your expense.

THINGS TO LOOK OUT FOR IF YOU WANT TO BE A WINNER

HAIR: Obviously blond hair is not going to be good.

BEARD: Having a beard does not necessarily put you out, but if you **do** have a beard it would be best if it was long, thick, and black. Women with beards win automatically unless there is more than one entry as such.

BREASTS: Stig does not have them. Having them would help your case.

RUDE BITS: See Breasts, more or less.

LEGS: Long shapely legs or horrible dumpy ones are fine. No knobby knees.

GENERAL APPEARANCE: Come on, take a look at this guy. Mid-twenties white male, with long blond hair. Try for the opposite. It's easy.

EYE COLOUR: This is in black and white. Give me a break.

CLOTHES: All entries must be accompanied by a nude photo, regardless of the contestant's gender. These can be either snapshots of the contestants themselves or clipped from a magazine.

There are no exceptions to this rule.

Failure to comply will result in immediate disqualification*.

Possible Winners

MARGARET THATCHER: Good form. The teeth are wonderful and her internal economic policy is almost nothing like Stig's.

ALBERT SCHWEITZER: Not too bad but he played the piano and is, of course, dead. Other than that he'd be in the running.

JIMMY OLSEN: A personal favorite of mine. But since they're both fictional the resemblance is too strong.

SPARKLES, THE CAT: Animal entries are accepted but only if they can prove that they wrote the letter themselves.

A PLAYBOY BUNNY: Can't say enough good things about this contestant. Terrific. She may not win, but this is certainly the sort of thing we'd like to see.

A FORMLESS LUMP OF MUD: Very good. Inanimate objects stand an outstanding chance, but again, we're plagued with the "contestants writing their own letters" rule. Hard Luck, old man.

SAMMY DAVIS JR.: I think nothing need be said.

YOKO ONO: We'd give it to her just because we like her and she gets a lot of bad press she doesn't deserve.

There you have it. Enter as often as you like, though I can't see any point in it. Encourage your friends and neighbors to join in the fun. If we get a decent response to the contest we might give out real prizes next time.

The Address to send it to is:
Vortex Magazine
96 Spadina Ave., 9th Floor
Toronto, Ontario M5V 2J6

* **NOTE:** This doesn't have terribly much to do with the outcome of the contest, but some of the guys around the office, here are having trouble at home, you know . . .

THE STORY SO FAR: WHEN LAST WE LEFT THEM, LANCE AMAZING AND HIS LITTLE SPACE PAL, WHIZZER, HAD BEEN CAPTURED BY THE ZATONS, AN INSIDIOUS RACE, BENT ON CONQUERING THE COSMOS!!
BUCK UP OLD CHUM! WE'LL GET THROUGH THIS YET!!
AT THAT MOMENT, IN THE CONTROL ROOM OF THE ZATON WARSHIP...
HAH! EVEN THE VAUNTED LANCE AMAZING WAS NO MATCH FOR MY SUPERIOR ZATON BRAIN! IF HE HAS FALLEN, CAN THE FORCES OF THE GALACTIC SPACE CONFEDERACY BE FAR BEHIND?
DAMN FINE QUESTION, THAT.
OOOH BOY, BUT WE'RE NASTY!!!
MEANWHILE, THE PRESIDENT OF THE EARTH CONSIDERS THINGS...
THE FATE OF THE ENTIRE GALACTIC SPACE CONFEDERACY RESTS WITH YOU, LANCE, MY BOY. IT MUST BE HARD FOR YOU, ALL ALONE UP THERE IN THE INFINITE INKY BLACKNESS OF SPACE...
...UNLESS YOU COUNT WHIZZER, OF COURSE.
BACK AT HOME, CAPTAIN AMAZING'S PLUCKY GIRL-FRIEND LYDIA LINCOLN*, FRETS AND CONCERNS HERSELF WITH THE LATENESS OF THE HOUR...
OH, LANCE, LANCE, WHY DON'T YOU CALL? YOU'RE IN TROUBLE AGAIN I JUST KNOW IT!!
*ZOUNDS! ANOTHER GIRL WITH THOSE FATEFUL INITIALS "L.L." WHAT COULD IT MEAN?!?
SUDDENLY..
CHEEE!
GET DOWN, WHIZZER! THEY'RE COMING BACK!
NEXT: A DARING ESCAPE!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, STIG'S INFERNO IS
SOLD OUT?!?
WELL, IT'S A PUBLISHING TERM. IT MEANS ALL THE ISSUES WE GOT FROM THE DISTRIBUTOR HAVE BEEN PURCHASED AND SO THE CURRENT ONE IS NO LONGER AVAILABLE IN A CONVENTIONAL RETAIL CAPACITY... SIR.
COMICS
SUPERMAN

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